and hope to the persons around me whom I could not see in the darkness. I stood in the crowd, moved and weary, when I heard Pavel's voice. "This is all for tonight. Go home, comrades. No bad feeling against us for having stopped you here at night?"

And cheerful, brisk voices answered, "Next time make it in the factory yard, in worktime."

AMERICAN GUESTS

The University students' mess became popular with newspaper reporters. Once a middle-aged gentleman came to me, produced a correspondent's card of the London *Times*, and asked me, "What is the attitude of the leftist parties to the government's foreign debt? How will they stand on the new loan that is being negotiated with foreign bankers?"

This question made me prick up my ears. Rumors were circulating that, after having concluded peace negotiations with Japan, Sergei Witte, then the president of the Council of Tsar's Ministers, had started negotiations for a loan to help the government liquidate the aftermath of the disastrous war and suppress the revolution. The newspapers had reported that a group of American bankers had come to St. Petersburg to put the final touches to the deal.

Although I knew nothing about the views of the leftist parties in this matter, I told the correspondent that victorious revolution would never recognize loans that the moribund regime had made to suppress it. The Britisher was visibly shocked.

"Do you mean that the new government would repudiate the financial obligations of the old?" he asked me. "Don't you realize that such dishonesty would ruin your credit?"

I replied that the credit of the new government would depend on its ability to meet its own obligations rather than on its willingness to honor the commitments of the bankrupt old regime. Then the correspondent asked me whether I would be willing to come to his place the next morning at ten o'clock. "A friend of mine," he explained, "would be delighted to meet you. He is a very important person in his country."

I accepted his invitation. The correspondent—I think his name was Mr. Thompson—occupied a huge, luxuriously furnished room in a private apartment on the Nevsky Prospect. At ten, on the dot, an overdressed young man with blond hair and blue eyes rushed into the room. Mr. Thompson introduced me to him without revealing his name. Obviously, his friend preferred to remain incognito.

The young man started by expressing his views. "Mr. Thompson